

HUNTING IN NEBRASKA.

A matter of much interest to thousands of men who follow sedentary occupations is where and how they can have a brief "outing" that will balance the stagnation that the strongest and healthiest feel after protracted confinement at a desk, or even in the most active forms of absorbing business. Many know, better than anyone can tell them, all the benefits of hunting. What they most want to know is where they can find game in abundance—they know all the rest. To these it will be of interest to learn that in Northwestern Nebraska has been discovered the latest and most desirable "sportsman's paradise." Not in the sense in which that much-abused term is generally used, but in fact. The most prominent and easily attained feature of sport in that region is afforded by thousands of shallow lakes and ponds, and the countless myriads of waterfowl which inhabit them all the year round, except in midwinter. Every known variety of geese and ducks, not excepting the renowned canvas-back, is to be found here in profusion. Swans, cranes, pelicans, herons and all the big and little swimmers and waders offer themselves to the sportsmen in the tempting innocence of a primeval wilderness. From the first day of March until the lakes are closed by ice the waters are thronged with birds. Of course,

situated on the Black Hills extension of the R. & M. railroad, 361 miles in a northwesterly direction from Lincoln. The writer happened to be there on business and was undergoing a few days' delay in the progress of the transaction. The place where geese were to be lassoed and ducks killed with a hoe-handle, in the somewhat animated terms of his friend, was Storm Lake, about twenty-two miles southeast, and right in the hills.

A gun store was sought, a breech-loader and an even hundred shells obtained, a dog was borrowed, and at 2 p. m. the light spring wagon of the banker proceeded rapidly in the direction of the elysian fields. Next morning an early breakfast and a pint of hot coffee preceded an hour's drive to the lake. It is a double body of water, three miles long and a mile wide over all, criss and reaches by islands, promontories and capes, not to speak of an irregular growth of tall, white reeds and thickets of rushes of the previous year's growth. It is surrounded at a little distance by low ranges of rounded hills, and has no apparent feeder nor outlet. Game was abundant; swans, geese and pelicans floated in the larger open spaces, while ducks were everywhere. The hunter was disembarked with dog, lunch and accoutrements, and informed that his friend would call for him in the afternoon, having to go some ten or fifteen miles further into the hills. "Now kill a wagon load," was the parting injunction. Near by, was a long, low, projecting

Time passed with varying luck, several bad misses blessing the sportsman's best efforts. A frugal lunch was had shortly after noon, and about the time the sportsman had begun to contemplate changing his quarters, the sun went behind a cloud, and the low, mousing sound of the north wind rustled among the reeds. A spit of snow, a gleam of sunshine, a squall of mingled rain and hail, and a storm set in; but it had no terror for the hunter. What did he care that the nearest house was four miles away? What mattered it to him that there was no trail, no sun to guide him? With the flying snow and howling wind the game on the lake began to stir, and that which had gone abroad began to come in. A flock of black-winged brants came first, and two of them swelled the list. A few moments later a big bunch of mallards plumped into the water among the decoys, and four of them remained. As the wind rose, and the waves began to roll, all the game in the lake began to work toward cover, and, of course, came northward, up the wind. Like the brutal human being that he was, the hunter revelled in the destruction he was committing. His dog succumbed to the cold and wet, and stopped work, but such game as fell on the north side of him drifted among the friendly reeds and the other side could still be waded. He turned his back to the lake, and his gun to the game between him and shore, unwilling to lose a shot by having its victim drift off before the wind upon the broad expanse of



he fall and the spring are the shooting seasons, and the game is unmolested during its breeding time. The month of March and the first week of April, and from the first of October to Christmas, are the periods during which it is proper to hunt waterfowl.

The fall season offers the best opportunity. The birds that have bred in the lakes are joined by an innumerable flight from more northern regions. There is practically no limit to the feeding grounds. These are located in the northern portion of the strip of sand-hills that cut across the northwest corner of the state. Over a territory thirty miles wide and a hundred miles long are scattered hills and valleys of small dimensions and regular irregularity. The entire surface is underlaid at a certain depth by an uninterrupted sheet of water. In almost every valley its level is above all slight depressions, which have become bodies of water varying in size from a few feet across to miles in length and width. They are shallow and permanent, and from their very nature produce the vegetation and reptile and insect life that afford sustenance for waterfowl. The water is shallow, a lake of ten acres being often accessible in every part to the hunter equipped only with knee waders, while the same is true of the borders of the larger bodies of water. In many cases the pond or lake is a vast field of reeds and marshes alternated with open spaces. The larger lakes are dotted with islands and with masses of luxuriant reeds, affording the most perfect cover for the hunter. Here the amateur is in his element. He can shoot a big bag without trouble, and he can learn more of the habits of game in a day than elsewhere in a month. A single trip to these grounds will make him a veteran. For the veteran hunter, this region is simply an elysium. With his boat, his dog, his decoys, his tent, his companion, he can spend a season that will exceed his wildest dreams or most extravagant wishes. To get the best of it he will want all these.

The way to get there is to take the Burlington & Missouri River Railroad, from Omaha, Lincoln or Grand Island. Buy your ticket to Alliance, a brisk little town just beyond the hills. It is the only place where you can depend upon getting a team, or supplying any deficiency in your outfit. From Alliance a few miles south or east will bring you to the hunting-grounds. If you desire to stop at one of the many ranches in the hills, you can do so at practically no expense. But the better method is to go equipped with tent, bedding, boat—though the latter is not necessary—food, a few utensils and ammunition. A team from Alliance will haul you to any part you desire, and you will find it both agreeable to yourself and your temporary neighbors to pitch your tent by a ranch or a settler's house. Do not forget fuel, for there is not a stick of timber in the hills. To this simple outfit you can add all the impedimenta you see fit. It will not do any harm, and you will know better next time. Within the limits of a comfortable day's wandering you will find from twenty to one hundred ponds and lakes, the largest ones being usually from two to five miles apart. The valleys are long and narrow and are dotted with ponds. When wearied or surfeited at one place, it is easy to be transported to another; and at the end of your vacation you can be set down with your load of game at the nearest railroad station. Take all sizes of shot or loaded shells.

Besides waterfowl, the hills abound with grouse, which afford the finest of sport. So tame are they that their annihilation will only be prevented by the vast expanse of "dry" hills which they occupy and which are their favorite nesting-grounds. To sum the matter all up, there is nowhere in the world a hunting-ground for small game equal to this described; none inexhaustible; and certainly none where the surroundings are so healthful and pleasant. There is no swamp or anything like it. The soil is sandy, with more or less loam, generally less, and often almost none at all. The altitude 3,000 feet above the sea level, the air pure and bracing, the breezes sweep it perpetually, and nothing is lacking to make it the ideal resort of your true sportsman.

point extending into the water more than a hundred yards, its entire length covered with reeds ten feet high and as thick as the hair on a dog's back. At its extremity a huge muskrat's house loomed up almost like a haystack. Donning his rubber boots the hunter made his way under cover to the rat leap. The top of the heap was four feet above the water and quite dry. It was the work of but a few minutes to cut and stick a sufficient quantity of reeds to make a perfect blind and to cover the top of the heap with a splendid flooring for man and dog. This work done, a half dozen decoys were anchored. Scarcely had the hunter gotten into an expectant mood before the hoot of a lone goose was heard. A peep revealed it coming up the lake, and but a few feet above the surface of the water. It came steadily on, unsuspecting of danger, its call provoking answers from hundreds of its kind. But it paid no attention to their beguilement, having been predestined to start a little list kept by a voracious human being. On it came, and the hunter resolved to test the tameness of the game at Storm Lake by seeing how near it would approach. It was passing within twenty feet when he fired point blank at its head. The poor bird never knew what hurt it. The dog, newly acquired and hence an uncertain quantity, retrieved it beautifully and lay down to await the next shot. The report of the gun startled game for half a mile in every direction, and a moment later a dozen redheads were bending and fluttering for a drop to the decoys. Three of them did drop to one barrel and one more to the second shot. This was a grand opening, but when the birds settled down they did not seem much inclined to ramble, and the next hour was a dull one. At length the monotony was relieved by the passing of a pair of pelicans about fifty yards away. One of them passed with a broken wing, and after a flight of some minutes in the shallow water, the noble dog herded it to where a load of shot could reach it and finish the job. Soon afterward a large flock of green-winged teal, the earliest and most enterprising of the teal family, came swinging along the lake. They passed as though not having seen the decoys, went to the extreme upper end of the water, turned quickly, swung across to the other

water; and the birds came, faster than he could shoot, in flocks, in pairs and singly; geese, mallards and redheads—nothing smaller was deemed worthy the occasion—while the soul of that miserable creature expired. He blessed the man who invented water-proof shells, and sighed for a messenger boy to send after a hundred more.

But an end comes to all things. As the light began to grow dim, the shells were exhausted, and the sportsman must perforce wade ashore. Five trips were needed to land all the game and traps, and a noble pile of birds it was a pelican, eight geese, fourteen mallard, nine redheads a bushel of teal and smaller ducks. It was growing dusky now, the wagon was loaded, and an hour later the travelers were driving away the night chill with hot coffee, within friendly sod walls, while the snow and wind held fitful carnival without.

The National Capital.

The City of Washington is an object of perennial interest to all patriotic Americans. Not alone because it is the great throbbing heart of this our nation, but also on account of its material magnificence. All Americans take pride in its beautiful avenues, majestic architecture, stately homes, and well stored galleries and museums as things of grandeur and beauty in themselves, apart from the historic interest with which they are invested. It is a hope and aspiration of all "young America," at least, to some time or other visit the Capital of his country.

The Baltimore and Ohio R. R. offers unequalled facilities in aid of this desire. All its through trains between New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore on the east, and Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago on the west, pass through Washington. Its fast express trains are vestibuled from end to end and heated with steam. Pullman's latest and best productions in the way of sumptuous Drawing Room Sleeping Cars are attached to all its through trains. The present management of the B. & O. have made vast improvements in the last two years, and the road is today one of the foremost passenger carrying lines in the country. Through

HAIL TO THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE BRAVE.

AN AMERICAN PATRIOTIC HYMN.

Published through The American Press Association, and to be sung on Washington's Birth-day.

Words and Music by THEODORE I. HEIZMANN.

Maestros.

1. Hail to the land of the free and the brave! Hail to the flag that for - ev - er shall wave!
 2. Hold - ing on high Freedom's ban - ner un - fur - l'd. Hope of th' op - press'd in all parts of the world;
 3. Faith - ful and loy - al to Freedom's great cause; Read - y to bat - tle for right and the laws;

Mon - arch or Des - pot shall ne'er lay his hand Up - on the brave men of this fair, hap - py land.
 Show - ing all na - tions that men can be free, And or - der and law reign with true Lib - er - ty.
 God grant that vir - tue may e'er be our guide; That Jus - tice and Hon - or with us may a - bide.

CHORUS.

Mon - arch or Des - pot shall ne'er lay his hand Up - on the brave men of this fair, hap - py land.
 Show - ing all na - tions that men can be free, And or - der and law reign with true Lib - er - ty.
 God grant that vir - tue may e'er be our guide; That Jus - tice and Hon - or with us may a - bide.

Copyright, 1888, by THEO. I. HEIZMANN.

PIANOS All the Latest and most Popular Musical Compositions
 —may be found at— **ORGANS**

CURTICE & THIERS,
LEADING MUSIC DEALERS
 207 SOUTH 11TH STREET.

SHEET MUSIC Large Stock of the leading American made Guitars
 Piano Tuning and Repairing promptly attended to. **NOVELTIES**

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist.
 Dr. Charles E. Spahr, No. 1215 O st. Consultations in English and German.

Show Cases For Sale.
 Several counter show cases of several sizes all for sale cheap at the COURIER office. Call and see them. Prices will suit.

Lessons in Painting.
 Miss Clair Link has returned and opened a class in Oil, Water Colors, Pastel and the Royal Worcester china painting at her studio, 1430 K street. Terms and particulars furnished on application.

Desk Room and Offices.
 In our new counting room which is carpeted with body brussels and otherwise hand-

Handkerchiefs

- French and Irish Embroidered Hemstitched, From 10c. to \$3.00 each.
 - Swiss Hand Spun Linen, Hand Embroidered, From \$2.00 to \$10.00 each.
 - French Silk Bolting Cloth, Hand Embroidered, From \$1.25 to \$3.50 each.
 - Hand-Made Duchesse Lace Edges, From \$1.00 to \$11.00.
- Respectfully,
Millerspaine,
 133 to 139 South Eleventh Street.

Whitebreast Coal and Lime Co.

Canon City Whitebreast Walnut Springs
AND ANTHRACITE.

The noblest turnouts that are seen on our thoroughfares are from the Palace stables. Telephone No. 435. Stables on M street opposite Masonic temple.

Book orders ahead for Sunday livery in order to get a rig at the Palace Stables.

If you want fine correspondence stationery remember that the COURIER office carries a large line, including novelties.

The best place in the city of Lincoln to get good board is at Brown's cafe. You have a great variety to select from and the prices are reasonable.

Shakespeare complete and a year's subscription to the COURIER for only \$2.50. For particulars see advertisement on page eight.

Telephone 234.

Lime Hair Plaster Cement
 Office, 109 South Eleventh St.

A DAY AT STORM LAKE.

"Do you want some good shooting?" said an Alliance banker to the writer, one evening last March.

"You bet" was the calm, unimpassioned reply.

"Well, get ready to go with me to-morrow afternoon, and I'll take you where you can lasso geese, and kill ducks with a hoe-handle."

A word of explanation as to the whereabouts of Alliance may be necessary. It is



shore, came back at a considerable height and suddenly dived in a mass right down to the decoys. The water foamed and splashed as they settled, here being probably more than a hundred of them, and the nearest not more than thirty feet away. The hunter scudded himself carefully on his knees, aimed at the spot in the flock where the heads seemed thickest and pulled the trigger. Without waiting for the smoke to clear he calculated the rise and fired where he thought the birds were on the wing. A dozen, confused by the unexpected assault, swung around over the ambush, and two of them fell to single hasty shot. When the winged teal had been dispatched, or all of them that did not take hasty refuge under cover, and the brave dog had finished his cold work, thirteen had been added to the list. A smoke for the man and a lunch for the dog were now indulged in, an eye meanwhile being kept on a love stricken pair of Canada geese that seemed to be drifting in a favorable direction. Patience had its reward, the birds coming within thirty yards of the blind without the slightest suspicion of danger. One goose fell to a second shot.

tickets via B. & O. R. R. can be purchased at all the principal ticket offices throughout the United States.

Hoarseness is the first symptom of croup. By giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy freely as soon as a child becomes hoarse, it will prevent the croup, which can always be done if the remedy is kept at hand. There is not the least danger in giving it. Sold by A. L. Shurder.

Ruth M. Wood, M. D., Conservatory Place, Thirteenth street, three doors south of L street.

Fine watch repairing at Perry & Harris, 1221 O street.

Wedding suppers, lunches and banquets of all kinds are provided by Brown in the best style and on short notice.

Adams, Lansing & Scott, attorneys, rooms 20, 21 and 22. Latta Block.

Dr. C. B. Manning, office rooms 66 67-68, Burr Block. Telephone 336. Residence Cor. 30th and F. Telephone 336.